THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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TO INDIA AGAIN

By ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

ON SEPTEMBER 23, Sister Mary Laetitia and I left the hospitable roof of the Sacred Heart Convent of Trinita dei Monti in Rome, for the beautiful city of Naples.

There, having a few hours before sailing, we strolled through the stone-paved streets and mounted the hill to the Church of St. Januarius. Annually on his feast day, September 19, the blood of St. Januarius, which is preserved in a phial, liquefies and remains in that state for about two weeks. We saw it well for when we entered the church a priest was, even then, at the altar rail presenting the relic for veneration.

At about 4 p. m. we embarked. We travelled so-called Second Economic—a popular way for people of slender means to go to the Orient—making the fare for the ten-day journey from Naples to Bombay about $120. The boat provided a special vegetarian diet for the many Indians who travelled with us. We were six passengers in our cabin and everything, though very simple, was comfortable and clean.

Going through the Suez Canal is very interesting, especially to people who have an eye for the peculiar beauty of the desert. The undulating sea of sand, a colorless mass of lights and shadows, occasionally interrupted by a group of palm trees or little bushes, small settlements or oriental figures—mounted on camels, donkeys, or on foot—contrasted with the blueness of the sky above, makes an indescribably charming and colorful picture.

Looking at the Egyptian side of the desert, I tried to imagine the daily lives of the Anchorites who, in the early Christian Era, peopled it. Certainly, their physical wants having been reduced to a minimum, they had much time for prayer. Fetching water was, probably, the most time-absorbing task of the day. This would hardly mean an interruption of prayer as it would be no strain on the mind and the monotony of the desert would not offer the distractions of the thoroughfares of a city. When it had served for so long as a means of giving glory to God, why had liv-

"THE UNDULATING SEA OF SAND"

ing in the desert been abandoned, I wondered. Would there be a movement, "Back to the desert"? As time only could answer this question, I turned to the Arabian side. In the distance lay the homeland of Our Lord; but it grew dark and little could be seen: not even Mt. Sinai which we passed later on.

After dinner, Sister M. Laetitia and I walked on deck, stopping every now and then to "Star gaze." The constellations of the eastern sky fascinated us by their brilliance. One could better appreciate why astrology had so easily influenced the minds of men in the early ages.

The last break in the journey was the stop at Aden. It is another Gibraltar; a strategic military settlement in the hands of the British since 1839. This tip of Arabia is not blessed by nature. It is a rocky, barren, glaring place, surrounded by water; water being the scarcest thing there. Twelve years ago, I visited the so-called tanks: extensive natural excavations in rock, which, after having been cemented, have been used to store water ever since the 6th century. When I saw them, they were as dry as they could be; and no wonder, for I was told that it had not rained there for five years.

The last few days of the journey passed quickly. The passengers were friendly and an occasional pleasant chat with them helped to make the time fly. The heat, although less intense than in the Red Sea, was quite enough to make us glad to be in our mission garb of white. On the morning of October 3, the Feast of St. Therese, the Patroness of Missionaries, threading our way through the many varied vessels and boats with and without sails, which filled the harbor, we landed in Bombay.

"THE BASKET OF MYSTERIOUS CONTENTS"

On the pier a crowd of Indian men and women, some decorated with tinselled garlands; others carrying tinsel-wrapped gifts, and bunches of flowers, was gathered to welcome relatives and friends. As soon as the passengers landed, an inanimate army of coolies came to life carrying mountains of luggage to the custom house where it was to be dealt with in a most systematic and satisfactory manner.

Taking a taxi, we soon arrived at the Hostel of St. Therese, a boarding house for business girls, conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. There we were received as old friends and refreshed with "the cup that cheers" under all skies and in all climes.

The bazaars of this city made a phantastic moving picture. The narrow streets literally teemed with life. Here was a water carrier, his pots hanging from a pole gracefully balanced on one shoulder; a poor woman carrying a bar of soap on her head and another carrying not only vegetables on her head but also a child on her hips; a blind boy, led by a girl, and a beggar woman asking for an alms; a sweet-meat seller with his basket of mysterious contents; the looks of which, at least, would not make one's mouth water; there a Hindu, shorn of hair save for a little tuft on top, progressing slowly and virtuously up the street; men in Ghandi caps; Parsi gentlemen in varied headgears; ladies with oiled hair and pretty jewels, in bright-colored and graceful saris; little girls with yellow flowers wreathed around each black and shiny chignon; a poor woman stretched out under a tree rolling a cigarette, while two neglected-looking children, blessed only with nature's garb, played around her; across from them, a fakir with paint-streaked face, his body rubbed with ashes, holding out his begging bowl; farther on water buffaloes ambling and sniffing their way along: and everywhere was color, life, motion, and that indefinable something which makes the East, the East.

In the bazaar, the streets were bordered with shops; little cubicles lined with goods of every description. The floors were raised from the ground to serve as seats for the merchants and their assistants. There, without apparent exertion and often sitting, the business was transacted. In one shop, the owner was preparing pan; the chewing-gum of India. Much more stimulating and complicated than ours, it is even less aesthetic. In another shop, a man was sewing busily on pajamas. Near him a jeweler was making bracelets, ear, nose, finger, and toe rings and other varieties of much-desired ornaments: all with a minimum of tools and conveniences. In another stall, sweet-meats and delicacies in clarified butter—many of them very delicious—were offered for sale. Then, there was the office of a doctor; also in the nature of a shop. Finally, fruits, vegetables, groceries, spices, opium, tobacco, gracefully-shaped metal and earthenware vessels, cotton goods, shoes and sandals of various descriptions were to be seen, not to speak of grotesque pictures of gods and goddesses with here and there a picture of the Sacred Heart or of Our Lady in their midst; flowers, wreaths, toys, perfumes, cosmetics, oils, and everything else imaginable that an Indian might buy.

The second day of our stay in Bombay, we had the privilege of an audience with His Grace, Most Rev. Joaquim Lima, Archbishop of Bombay. He received us most kindly and blessed us and

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THE RELATION BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND HER MISSIONS

THE following article, written by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frank A. Thill, in the *Mission Call,* very clearly answers the question, why Catholics should give their support to the missions when there is such a great demand on their charity at home.

Without Missions There Can Be No Church

If the Church be a divinely authorized institution to instruct as many as possible in the saving truths of Christianity, then must she, without distinction of nationality, race or speech, conduct all men to everlasting bliss, their final goal. So close is this relation between the Church and her missions that the ideas are practically correlative. In the Church the missions find their sustenance; and in the missions, the Church herself must grow her roots. As little, therefore, can we afford to surrender our missionary convictions as to give up our membership in the Church.

SUNBEAMS OF MARY'S JOY

The Missions Rooted in the Very Nature of God

Has the thought ever struck you that our missionaries are conducted across the plains and mountains of America, and out across the vastness of the seas by the same Divine power which willed the incarnation of the Son and the sending of the Holy Ghost from the very heart of God himself? Such is certainly the case, because when Our Lord sent the Apostles to preach His Gospel He said to them, "As the Father sent me, I also send you." (John xx., 21.) And earlier, in praying to His Heavenly Father for them at the Last Supper, Christ had said, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world." (John xvi., 18.) If these words mean anything at all, certainly they imply a deep and mystic relation between the sending of Jesus Christ into the world by God the Father and the sending of our missionaries into the field of the apostolate. Both these missions are rooted so deep in the very nature of the Deity and of the Church that we are forced to conclude that the sending of our missionaries springs from the inmost nature of God as a divinely willed copy of God's own life. And just as the divine missions of the Son and the Holy Ghost to the Church and into the hearts of men continue uninterruptedly with the eternal continuity of God's own life, so must the sending of our missionaries to each succeeding generation of men go on and on until the consummation of time.

The Missions An Essential Part of Church's Structure

It is clearly evident, therefore, that the missionary task of the Church is not an accidental or an isolated part of her life. If this phase of her life be rooted deeply in her nature, it must certainly be more than a remote consequence of her doctrine. Whoever, therefore, surrenders his interest in the missions, because of hard times, or indifference, or for any other reason, must necessarily surrender at least some of his convictions about Christ and His Church. Missions are an integral part of that structure; and whoever jars a stone of it endangers the whole.

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THE SOCIETY AT HOME AND ABROAD

AFTER THE PARTY

Washington

On Sunday, December 4, the Brookland Auxiliary and some of our other good friends held their second meeting at the Medical Mission House.

We are most grateful to their president, Mrs. Elmer Reinoehl, for all that she did to make the party such a success. Not only was the attendance at this meeting large and enthusiastic, but the gifts of provisions and groceries were most generous. The latter will do much to keep the wolf way back in the woods where he belongs.

We thank everyone from our hearts. It certainly renews our courage to know that we have such staunch friends to count upon.

London

Sister Anne writes:

"We are enjoying our place so much! We still have apples from our trees and we are already anticipating the currants and strawberries next summer. Our sun dial, in spite of London fogs, marks many sunny hours.

"The gold fish in our two little ponds have disappeared. They say that a heron in the neighborhood has eaten them. He comes from the Thames, I suppose, which is not far away; but it strikes one as quaint to have one's gold fish eaten up by a wild heron right here in London. However, missionaries do not worry much about keeping a stock of gold fish.

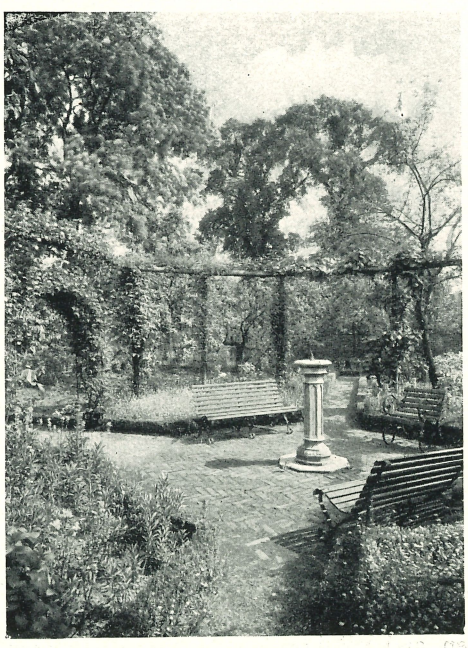
"It is wonderful what the Providence of God has done for us. We buy a practically empty house and then all sorts of things begin to arrive, often just exactly as they are needed. And we are all equipped not only with the necessities of life but with things which are useful and nice to have. Certainly, the Lord takes great care of His own.

"But I mustn't forget to mention St. Joseph. All the convents in the world, I think, take to heart the direction, "Go to Joseph." He knows more, I believe, about overdue bills, empty coal bins, etc., than any other saint in Heaven. For even with all that our kind friends have done for us, it takes a lot of money to run the house and feed nine people in the best of health (D. G.) and with good appetites. We have put the matter into St. Joseph's hands and we have perfect faith that he will not forget us."

Rawalpindi

Sister Margaret Mary writes:

"The baby boarding with us is now a year old. Her fourth tooth has just come through and she can almost walk. She is a lovely baby and has the best disposition of anyone in Pindi. I can see her now sitting on her mungi (string bed) on the verandah, talking to herself and clapping her hands. No one is near her or even within her sight. She does this until sleep gets the best of her. She knows Father Lavery and greets him as soon as she sees him coming from his house and she waves to everybody who will notice her. When she begins to walk, she will have to leave us as Stephen did (you remember the other patient's baby who boarded with us)? They get into too much mischief when they can walk."



"MARKING THE SUNNY HOURS"

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community founded for the purpose of bringing medical aid to the foreign mission field. Please address enquiries to: Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

DR. AGNES McLAREN (1837-1913)

(NOTE: *This is the continuation of the abridged translation from the French of the life of Dr. Agnes McLauren, the great pioneer doctor who initiated Catholic medical mission work in the Punjab.*)

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I AND II.—(Dr. Agnes McLaren came of a Scottish clan dating back to the sixth century. Her father, Duncan, a Presbyterian,, who at twelve was a draper's apprentice, rose to be one of the first merchants and most renowned citizens of Edinburgh. On the death of his first wife, who left him two sons, he married Christina Renton. Christina died leaving him two more sons. In 1848, he married Priscilla Bright, a Quaker, sister of John Bright. By this marriage, three children were born within a few years. The McLaren family lived at Newington Hall in great harmony and happiness.

Agnes, having her father's simplicity, his sense of duty and public spirit, became a devoted friend of the poor. To serve them better, she joined the congregation of the Rev. McGuthrie, the founder of the Ragged Schools. Her health began to fail and she was sent abroad. She travelled through Bavaria, France, and Italy, where she acquired a fuller knowledge of Christian Art and of the lives of the peoples of these countries.)

CHAPTER III

How His Political Life Influenced Her Character

While Duncan's home life inspired the love and affection which Agnes had for her father; his public career won her admiration. He received new dignities as time passed. Having won the regard of his fellow men as Municipal Councillor in his own city of Edinburgh, he was appointed Treasurer. Appointed at a time when it was verging on bankruptcy, his ability and scrupulous economy averted the danger, and there shortly began a new era of prosperity.

In 1851, he was appointed Lord Provost. The people's confidence in his ability was so increased, by this time, that he was inspired to try for a seat in Parliament. "Some critics," he said, "will perhaps laugh to see the erstwhile draper aspiring to a place in London among the representatives of the United Kingdom." At first, he was not successful, but in 1865 he tried again, and he not only won his seat but retained it at succeeding elections until 1885. Wherever he went, his economy, honesty, and fine humanitarian principles won for him the esteem of all.

The McLauren home now became, not only one of the most charming family circles, but also for his chosen friends, his children, and above all for Agnes, a centre of political and social interests. Among the intimate friends at these gatherings, were three celebrated men: John Bright, Richard Cobden, and William Gladstone. These men met and discussed big questions, such as, Home Rule, the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, etc.

Sometimes, the same questions were debated by the family alone. It was a curious spectacle to see Agnes, a young girl, slender, retiring, sitting gravely in this domestic parliament. Already, her ardor, her mature air, and her enquiring spirit distinguished her from the others, and her personal beauty—a type of beauty rather noble and statuesque than handsome and elegant—together with her intellectual powers, brought her renown. There was to be found in her an elevated soul, a mature mind, and a virile character impregnated with a spirit of perfect candor. She, too, was loved and esteemed by all.

Duncan was delighted to see such beautiful qualities unfolding, and he cultivated them with a special care. He wished his daughter to follow in his footsteps and adopt his ideals, not out of filial devotion but by force of arguments presented to her mind.

On one question, Agnes, instead of taking a subordinate part, became an active, influential leader. On her return from Italy, she had found her mother deeply interested in the question of Women's Suffrage, of which she may be said to have been one of its first supporters. With her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jacob Bright, and some other ladies, she sought the powerful help of John Stuart Mill who presented a bill on this question to the House of Commons. On the Committee formed in Edinburgh for Women's Suffrage—the first of its kind in Great Britain—Priscilla acted as President with Agnes as Secretary. For eight or nine years, they worked side by side.

Agnes made many friends during this time. Among them must be noted Miss Josephine Butler, for whose disinterested efforts for the good of the people, she had great admiration. Another of her co-workers, Miss Sophia Blake, had with some other influential workers entered the Medical School of the University of Edinburgh. Such an innovation was a source of amusement to some; of scandal to others. They received, however, a warm welcome at Newington Hall.

In 1885, Duncan resigned his Seat in Parliament. With increasing age, he had become tired of political life and wished to enjoy more fully the seclusion of his family. He was inclined to stay more and more at hime, unless necessity called him abroad.

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A PRAYER

How is it possible to see
A rose, and still not worship Thee?
How is it possible to lean
Over its petals and, between,
Not catch a glimpse of Thee, O God,
Who creates roses out of sod?

How it is possible to kneel
Close to a flower, and not feel
Thy Presence who art standing there,
And who has made what is so fair?
In love with roses, and not Thee?

—Mary D. Thayer.

TO INDIA AGAIN

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our work. The V. Rev. Msgr. Francis P. Goodall, C.S.C., one of our oldest Holy Cross friends, who was just then the guest of His Grace, introduced us. We met there also, the Director of the Fides News Service, Rev. Father Considine, of Maryknoll. On a study tour of the missions and having visited China and the greater part of India, he was now about to go to Africa.

In the evening we strolled in the Victoria Gardens. Here, there are interesting and beautiful tropical trees, plants and animals. A flock of flying foxes were hovering over us while from the distance we heard the unmusical voices of parrots, of which the zoo has a wonderful collection.

On top of Malabar Hill, are the Towers of Silence. At the entrance to the walled-in grounds, we saw a notice that an entrance permit was required. An officer, however, after some explanation on our part and hesitation on his, let us through. He accompanied us to the top of the hill into a very well-kept garden. From here, five towers can be seen. Each consists of a low, round, wall. The floor inside is cemented and partitioned off for the placing of bodies. When a person dies, the Parsi Priest, dressed in white, accompanies those who carry the body to the door of one of these towers. Only they who carry it, may enter and deposit the body on the floor. No one else, not even the Parsi Priest, is permitted to do so. Within ten minutes after a body is deposited there, our guide told us, it is devoured by vultures. We saw several of these gruesome birds perched on trees and roofs and flying about. When they spread their wings, they reminded us of eagles. The Parsis have an excellent arrangement for the disposal of bones. When I remarked that the method was quite sanitary, the guide replied that the purpose of it was to leave nothing of the body to defile the earth. The Parsis worship God through fire and earth. This explains the reason why they do not burn their dead as the Hindus do.

In the evening two Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and I left for the North by the Frontier Mail. We travelled very comfortably "Intermediate." A compartment for ladies is provided with upholstered seats to sleep on, the bedding one brings, oneself. The tickets for the thirty-five hours of travel to Rawalpindi was R 35; less than $10.

The dirt and soot were terrific; otherwise there was nothing to complain of. From Bombay to Delhi, we had only one fellow passenger, a well-dressed Mohammedan lady of about twenty-two years, in salmon-colored silk pajamas and Kurta, who was going to Peshawar to see her mother. She wore no jewels for fear that they might be stolen. Her brother, travelling in the next compartment, appeared at our window at almost every station to enquire if she needed anything. She very kindly offered us fruit and chappaties (native bread). As she seemed to be very cultured, I wondered if she could read and write. In answer to my question, "No," she said, "When I was a young girl, it was considered a kind of disgrace to let girls go to school, but nowadays things are different, and many parents send their children and their girls to school."

A HIGH TYPE OF APPLE MERCHANT

The first night as she was the only one in the compartment with us, we were able to sleep. The second night, however, a stream of Mohammedan ladies and children got on at Delhi and filled every nook and cranny with themselves and their bundles.

Recently, I have read much about the abandonment of the veil by the women of India, but I noticed that all of these ladies were veiled. Of course, they took the burka (veil) off in the train; but when it stopped and people could see in, they drew their saris over their faces. The oldest of them all, a strong-looking old soul with fine features and innumerable wrinkles, was most scrupluous in covering every inch of her face.

A beautiful young mother with five or six lovely children was on her way to Gilgit, on the very border of Tibet. She said that it would take them fourteen

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DR. AGNES McLAREN

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In the month of March, he went to a public meeting where the question of the disestablishment between the State and Church of Scotland was discussed. Coming home from this meeting, he took a severe cold. This weakened him considerably. Feeling that the end was near, he tried to prepare his memoirs and to put his papers in order. Realizing his weakness and inability to finish them, he gave them to his son, saying, "They will be of such a character, they will not make anyone sad." On April 26, 1886, due to an unexpectedly severe heart attack, the end came.

The strength of his character, his innate sense of justice, the loyalty of his ways and his love for the poor and unfortunate were the qualities for which he had been loved and revered by those who knew him. Great was the homage paid to his memory. This may be summed up in the words of his biographer:

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness,
The statue of his life."

(*To Be Continued*)

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND HER MISSIONS

(*Continued from page* 4)

The World Must Listen to the Teachings of the Church

The missionary commission of Our Lord rests on the solid and compelling basis of the Divine Will that all men be taught certain doctrines and that they be given certain commandments. In Christ, revealing this doctrine and giving these commandments, is vested all power, because He is the Word of God, the Incarnate Wisdom of God, who made all things and without whom nothing was made that exists. His life is the light of men; and to those who receive Him, to those who believe in His name, He gives the power to be made the sons of God. He stands at the head of a new, redeemed, supernaturalized, race of men, even as Adam precedes them as their natural father and progenitor. He is the teacher, the King, and when He speaks to instruct or to rule, the whole world must listen. And the world of our day and of each succeeding age must listen to His doctrine and practice His morality, because He promises to be with His teaching Church and in it until the end of time.

TO INDIA AGAIN

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days on mule-back from Srinagar to get there, and for each child, a servant would have to be hired. Her husband, who came to the window at every station, was kept very busy buying sweet-meats, fruit, or bringing water to the young flock. Here, men do everything that requires contact with the outside world.

The women's continuous chatter, interrupted by the babies' lamentations, kept everything lively.

The last four or five hours of the journey are through, practically, desert country dotted with picturesque formations of mud and peculiar excavations in the soil.

Needless to say, when we pulled into Rawalpindi Station, my pulse quickened, for there on the platform stood our own sisters waving to me.

LITURGICAL PRAYERS FOR THE SICK

A glance at the liturgical books will reveal that the Church is indeed a good mother, for she doubles her solicitude when her children are sick. The Missal has a special Mass formulary for the sick; the Roman Ritual has innumerable blessings and prayers for the sick and for visits to the sick, the imposition of hands on the sick, blessings of oil, wine and linens for the sick, Communion for the sick, the sacrament of Extreme Unction, the Apostolic Blessing, the Recommendation of a Departing Soul. In fact, this section of the Ritual is not only one of the longest, but also one of the most interesting and instructive. Rare are the individuals who are aware of this fact, but rarer still are they who have read the relevant prayers and who therefore appreciate their sublimity.

At the Introit of the Mass of the Sick, the Church in providing these prayers for her suffering children, has heard their cry: "Hear, O God, my prayer, and despise not my supplication: be attentive to me. I am grieved in my exercise; and am troubled at the voice of the enemy, and at the tribulations of the sinner." This petition occurs again and again in the special Mass formulary. Significant is its repetition of the Offertory: The sick offer to God their cries and supplications as an offering. Severe illness is a heavy cross. But also more pleasing is the offering of this cross, if it is offered in union with the sacrifice of Christ.

Particularly beautiful are the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass for the Sick. "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." (Epistle.)

In the Gospel, Christ Himself speaks to the sick: "I will come down and heal him . . . And Jesus said to the centurion: Go, and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee. And the servant was healed at the same hour." It is the answer of the divine Physician to the plea of the Gradual: "Heal me, O Lord, my bones are troubled, and my soul is troubled exceedingly."

The Secret of the Mass for the Sick reads: "O God, by whose decree each moment of our lives passes by, receive the prayers and offerings of thy servants in behalf of those for whom in their sickness we crave thy mercy: so that we may rejoice in the safety of those at whose danger we were afraid."

At the Postcommunion, the prayer of the entire Church is for the sick: "Show forth thy might and help thy servants who are sick; so that succoured by thy bounteous mercy they may be found worthy to be restored safe and sound to thy holy Church."

ORATE FRATRES.

"He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings, shall also reap blessings."

"Everyone as he has determined in his heart, not with sadness, or of necessity: for God Loveth a cheerful giver." II Cor. 9: 6, 7.